

The Tragedie

Come shall we goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Rivers,
Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.*

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood suckers.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret. Oh thou bloudie prison,
Fetall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death;
And for more slaughter to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curse is false vpon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Ri. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied, deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniuently must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riv. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.

In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things sitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? *(his mind.)*

Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine.

Lord

of Richard the thrid.

Lord Hastings, you and he are neare in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation

I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered

His graces pleasure any way therein:

But you my L. may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,

Which I presume he will take in gentle part.

Bish. Now in good time here comes the Duke him selfe.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My noble L. and coufens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a sleeper, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.

Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lotdship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Bish. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testy gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head are giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:
For I my selfe am not so well prouided;
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie.

(berries.)

Bi. Where is my L. Protector, I haue sent for these straw-
Hast.

G